

*The History of*

O, the Divell take such cozeners, God forgive me,  
Good Unkle tell your tale, I have done.

*Wor.* Nay, if you have not, to it againe,  
We will stay your leisure.

*Hot.* I have done yfaith.

*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners.  
Deliver them up without their ranome straight,  
And make the *Douglas* sonne your onely meane  
For powers in *Scotland*, which for divers reasons  
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,  
Will easily be granted you: my Lord,  
Your sonne in *Scotland* being thus employed  
Shall secretly into the bosome creep  
Of that same noble Prelate, well-belov'd,  
The Archbishop.

*Hot.* Of *Yorke*, is it not?

*Wor.* True, who beares hard  
His brothers death at *Bristow*, the Lord *Scrope*:  
I speak not this in estimation,  
As what I think might be, but what I know  
Is ruminated, plotted and set down,  
And onely stayes but to behold the face  
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

*Hot.* I smell it: upon my life it will do well.

*Nor.* Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st slip.

*Hot.* Why, it cannot chuse but be a noble plot,  
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *Yorke*,  
To joyne with *Mortimer*, ha.

*Wor.* And so they shall.

*Hot.* In faith it is exceedingly well aynde.

*Wor.* And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,  
To save our heads, by raising of a head:  
For, bear our selves as even as we can,  
The King will alwayes think him in our debt,  
And think we think our selves unsatisfied,  
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.  
And see already, how it doth begin  
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

*Hot.*

*Hen*

*Hot.* He does: he does

*Wor.* Cousin, farewell.

Then I by letters shall direct  
When time is ripe, which  
He steal to *Glendower*, and  
Where you and *Douglas*,  
As I will fashion it, shall be  
To bear our fortunes in our  
Which now we hold at mercy.

*Nor.* Farewell, good brother.

*Hot.* Unkle, adieu: O  
Till fields, and blows, and g

*Enter a Carrier with*

1 *Car.* Heigh ho, an it be  
*Charles-waine* is over the n  
packt. What *Ostler*?

*Ost.* Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I prethee *Tom*, be  
the point, poore jade is wru

*Enter an*

2 *Car.* Pease and beans a  
is the next way to give poe  
ned upside down since *Robi*

1 *Car.* Poore fellow ne  
rose, it was the death of hi

2 *Car.* I think this to  
*London* road for fleas, I am

1 *Car.* Like a Tench?  
christen could be better bit

2 *Car.* Why, you will all  
leake in your chimney, and  
a Loach.

1 *Car.* What *Ostler*, com

2 *Car.* I have a gammon  
to be delivered as farre as C

1 *Car.* Gods body, the T  
ved: what *Ostler*? a plague  
thy head? canst not hear?